

AMOROUS.

Sad, sad their lot, who know not aught of love—
Who know not passion's tears and sunny smiles,
But drift adown the coast of barren aisles,
Nor landing make in some sequestered grove.
Yet sadder they whose longing lips ne'er prest
The dainty mouth of one to them most dear—
Who in fond arms have never yet found rest,
But agonizing wait the bliss so near.
O rarest joy!—O bliss more than divine!
Our mutual love—it never matched hath been!
So deep, intense, the world hath never seen!
So wild and strong—my own sweet Love,
My fond eyes gaze into thine own, dear pet;
They searching look—it thrills, and fills me yet
—Luther G. Riggs in Arkansas Traveler.

THE ART OF MASSAGE.

Its Early History—Several Kinds of Manipulation—Now Practiced.

The art of massage is of great antiquity. There are always some kind folk who will take the time and trouble to search deep into the annals of the past and transmit to us the facts they there find recorded. On the question of massage, those who have traced out its history tell us that this system was practiced in very early times by the Chinese, and that the Greeks and Romans also resorted to its aid, evidences of which appear in the literature of those two great countries. This ancient art has been revived, in the present day, on the Continent and in America, as well as in England, and is being very extensively practiced.

I have spoken of massage as a mechanical mode of treatment—and so it is; but those who undertake to perform it ought to have some head knowledge concerning their work as well as finger dexterity. The masseuse has to make herself acquainted with the structure and the function of the tissues and muscles on which she is called upon to operate, and therefore some study of books on this part of the subject is required. Then there are the necessary dexterous manipulations to be acquired; these particular movements can only be learned from actual demonstrations, and nothing but patient practice will attain the manual dexterity needful to perform the process. The general term of massage includes several kinds of manipulations; these are also designated by French names. One of these is known as effleurage; this consists in gently stroking the part under treatment, which stroking increases in strength, and terminates in a firm rubbing of the skin with the palm of the hand. Under the effect of this treatment hardness and dryness of the skin give way to softness, and the effect is very soothing.

Another form of treatment is named petrissage. This process consists in pressing and kneading and rolling the skin and muscles—a form of massage brought into use in cases where the patient is deprived by infirmity or accident from taking bodily exercise. The advocates of massage affirm that the use of petrissage also soothes and reinvigorates the overtaxed and fatigued limbs of those who have gone through an unusual amount of physical exertion. Tapotement is a rapid mechanical movement used as a stimulus for rousing into action organs which are inclined to remain dormant. Massage a friction may be described as a series of circular rubbing with the finger tips, performed in a rapid manner, the object of which process is to squeeze out the waste products formed in the tissues of joints.—Casell's Family Magazine.

Seedmen Busy All the Year.

"What does the seedman do in winter?" A gentleman connected with a prominent house which deals in plant germs, roots, seeds, bulbs and slips, repeated this question of a reporter the other day.

"There seems to be a general impression, which is erroneous," said he, "that there is nothing for the seedmen to do through the winter, but it is far from being the dull season of the year with them. Really, the only busy season is from March 1 to June 10, although some of the market gardeners who start their early vegetables under glass, purchase their stock of seeds as early as February.

"The very dull season is in the middle of summer, which nature designed for the growth and fruiting, and not the germination of vegetable life. During that part of the year no seeds are put into the ground. Until the ground is frozen pretty stiff there is considerable for us to do. We put on our stock of new seeds and sell some. Up to Thanksgiving people set out bulbs, hyacinths and crocuses. Currants, berries and grape vines are also set out in the fall, and that is the season, too, when the perennials, daisies, carnations, digitalis, hollyhocks, cardinal flowers, pansies, petunias, mignonette, heliotrope and verbenas are sown for early flowering.

"There are several months of the year when the seedman has much less to do than those of the late fall and winter."—New York Evening World.

In an English Car.

Now, the American car and the English carriage run on two different principles. The English railway manager expects you to do a great deal for yourself. He expects you to buy a rug to wrap around your legs, and you do it. He expects you to buy a shawl to put around your shoulders, and you do it. He expects you to buy a reading lamp if you are to travel by night, and you do it. He doesn't provide you with any drinking water, as he expects you to buy a glass of beer if you feel thirsty, and you do it. A traveler in winter in an English carriage sits muffled up so that he can hardly move. He dresses for the occasion as I would if I were going to enjoy an afternoon sit down on the banks of the Detroit river with the thermometer below zero. Now, an American doesn't like that sort of thing. If the car is not hot enough for him to sit in his seat in the same costume he would use in his own house he travels by some other road. If the lamps are not bright he blows up the conductor, and if there is no water in the tank all that section of country will hear from him.—Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

Darwin's Mental Relaxation.

Charles Darwin found backgammon a great mental relaxation, and he was very fond of novels for the same purpose. The great naturalist did most of his writing sitting in a large horse hair chair by the fire, upon a board stretched across the arms. When he had many or long letters to write he dictated them from rough copies written on the backs of manuscripts or proof sheets. He kept all the letters he received—a habit caught from his father. When his letters were finished he lay on a sofa in his bedroom and had novels read him, while he smoked a cigarette or regaled his nostrils with snuff.—Harper's Bazar.

A Fiendish Thought.

Little Sister (angrily)—Now you do what I say.
Little Brother—I won't.
"You won't, eh? Oh, don't I just wish we was grown up an' you was my husband!"—Omaha World.

There is a strong likeness between a chronic invalid and a cracked china dish, which is handled so carefully that it outlasts many a sound whole one, which by a single incautious dash to the ground is broken.—B. Maris

OUR GIRLS ABROAD.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE ENGLISH MAIDEN'S TOTAL ECLIPSE.

Ladies Abroad Finding Themselves Outshone by the Girls of America—A Hint to English Maids and Beauties—Emancipation from Cant.

The Lady Maids and Lady Beauties are sore at finding themselves outshone in the highest circles by American chits who, before coming abroad, were just ordinary misses in small provincial towns in the United States. It is a hard case to be thrust into the shade by these fair invaders. But soreness about it will only spoil good looks. Why not rather learn the art of war from the invading belles, who were not reared in hothouses, but in public free schools. In a great degree they have conquered because they are in the habit of thinking themselves as good as no matter whom, and of not being ashamed in the presence of mortals of upmost rank. I don't think it occurs to the Maids and Beauties that very few uppermost personages, in no matter what country, have, or can have, much conversation. Having had allowances from their cradles upward there is no strenuous effort in their lives. And so that intensity of thought, feeling and will which makes a man a man, and sublimates a woman, is wanting in them. Etiquette throws on them the onus of startling subjects of conversation. Having to talk de haut en bas, but there is no quick interchange of ideas. As it was 300 years ago, so it is now. Their lives being flat they must fall back on buffoonery—a reason why Schneider's dressing room at Les Varietes was "Le Passage des Princes." License of speech is sure to be granted to any one whose talk tickles or is droll. There are few rosebuds in etiquette ridden courts who can so converse. But the United States free schools produce them in thousands. Originality in America is not confined to the unornamental sex. The conditions of life are so different there from what they are in England, and there is such emancipation from cant in most of the forms in which it tyrannizes us that the beauty from Ohio, Illinois or Delaware is startlingly novel, and whatever piquancy there is in her talk comes home with a double force.

BEAUTIES FROM AMERICA.

There are such heaps of Miss Jennie Chamberlains in the United States that hardly any one notices their points. Americans are astounded at the effect they produce on English noblemen when they come out at the Riviera or in London. As to the etiquette invented by lords chamberlain those flowers from over the Atlantic are in happy ignorance. So they start topics in colloquies with royal personages instead of waiting for them to be started, and when they find they please they go ahead. "Sir," or "madame," or "your royal highness," used as commas, are in the conversation of ordinary persons. Then the young and fair Americans neglect no advantage which is derived from attention to personal appearance. They know how to dress, and they grudge no money that they can give to the best dentists. Being in the habit of dancing from infancy, their gestures are easy and not angular, and they always talk distinctly, and, if sometime with a slight rumble, in an audible voice.

Our girls often mumble or run on in a chirruping jabber that really is not speech. They, too, often deal in set phrases which get soon exhausted. I think when a British girl is nice she's the nicest of any; and many more than there are could be charming if they could only learn how to speak, and to move about in an easy, graceful way. The American girl has neat features, a delicate skin and a fine nervous system. But in the rest of the organization nature has been wanting in generosity. The western woman or girl is a finer human being than the eastern. In the southern states womanhood is nearest to perfection. Women there are reposeful—not precisely amusing, but intelligent, sweet and interesting.—Labouchere in London Truth.

The Ainos and the Eclipse.

An interesting glimpse into the thought processes of unenlightened peoples is furnished by the following observations of the Ainos, a degenerate Japanese tribe, distinguished for their long growth of hair, during the recent eclipse. The Aino is said not to be imaginative, but on being shown the eclipse through a smoked glass he cried out that the sun was fainting away and dying. A silence ensued, broken by an exclamation of fear that the sun would dry up. They brought water and sprinkled it upward toward the sun, crying: "Oh, god, we revive thee! Oh, god, we revive thee!" Some squirted the water upward with their mouths, some threw it up with their hands. A group of women and girls sat down with their heads between their knees, as if expecting some calamity.

Their tradition with regard to the eclipse says that "when my father was a child he heard his old grandfather say that his grandfather saw a total eclipse of the sun. The earth became quite dark, and shadows could not be seen; the birds went to roost and the dogs began to howl. The black, dead sun shone out tongues of fire and lightning from its sides, and the stars shone brightly. Then the sun began to return to life, and the faces of the people wore an aspect of death, and as the sun gradually came to life these men began to live again." Otherwise they have no theory of the eclipse, but their personification of the phenomenon is evident.—Science.

Device of American Travelers.

A story is going the rounds to the effect that a party of American travelers in Germany, whose literary studies had not prepared them for the emergency of conversing fluently upon customs duties, conquered the Teutonic officials by bold device. After delivering long and polished harangues in the purest English without provoking any effect upon the officers, they all exclaimed suddenly, "Long live King William!" The officials understood the name, reverently took off their hats, and gave the Americans no more trouble.—Boston Transcript.

A Curious Wedding Custom.

Among the Lolos of western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree, while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs, armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Artesian Water Power.

Many artesian wells spout water under a heavy pressure, just as many gas wells find the gas under a pressure of several hundred pounds to the square inch. This water power is used in many places in France by means of turbine wheels, and it is probable that even the gas pressure might in some cases also be utilized. In very deep artesian wells the heat of the water is also utilized.—Public

A Remarkable Case.

Under the above heading the "Doncaster Reporter" of July 6, 1887, publishes the following in its editorial columns:

Our readers may recall the circumstance of a young clerk, named Arthur Richold, falling insensible on the Wheatley Lane in this town some time ago, and being picked up, as he continued perfectly helpless, and taken in a cab by two gentlemen to the office of F. W. Fisher, Esq., the solicitor who employed him. On restoring him to consciousness it was ascertained that he was afflicted with what seemed to be an incurable disease. When he was able to speak he said he had been to his dinner and was on his way back to his work, when suddenly his head was in a whirl and he fell in the street like a man who is knocked down. On coming to his senses in the solicitor's office he thought what this might mean, and feared he was going to have a fit of illness, which we all know is a very dreadful thing for a poor man with a family to care for.

With this in his mind he at once sought the best medical advice, telling the doctors how he had been attacked. They questioned him, and found that his present malady was exhaustion of the nervous system, resulting from general debility, indigestion and dyspepsia of a chronic nature. This in turn had been caused by confinement to his desk and grief at the loss of dear friends by death. The coming on of this strange disease, as described by Mr. Richold, must be of interest both to sick and well. He had noticed for several years previously, in fact, that his eyes and face began to have a yellow look; there was a sticky and unpleasant slime on the gums and teeth in the morning; the tongue coated; and the bowels so bound and constive that it induced that most painful and troublesome ailment—the piles. He says there was some pain in the sides and back and a sense of fullness on the right side, as though the liver were enlarging, which proved to be a terrible fact. The secretions from the kidneys would be scanty and high-colored with a kind of gritty or sandy deposit after standing.

These things had troubled Mr. Richold a long time, and after his fall in the street he clearly perceived that his fit of giddiness was nothing more than a sign of the steady and deadly advance of the complaint, which began in indigestion and dyspepsia. His story of how he went from one physician to another in search of a cure that his wife and little ones might not come to want is very pathetic and touching. Finally he became too ill to keep his situation and had to give it up. This was a sad calamity. He was appalled to think of how he should be able to live. But God raised up friends who helped to keep the wolf from the door. He then went to the seaside at Walton-on-the-Naze, but neither the change, nor the physicians who treated him there, did any good. All being without avail he visited London, with a sort of vague hope that some advantage might happen to him in the metropolis. This was in October, 1885.

How wonderful, indeed, are the ways of Providence, which dashes down our highest hopes and then helps us when we least expect it.

While in London he stated his condition to a friend, who strongly advised him to try a medicine which he called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, saying it was genuine and honest, and often cured when everything else had failed. He bought a bottle of a chemist in Piccadilly, and began using it according to the directions. He did this without any faith or hope, and the public may, therefore, judge of his surprise and pleasure when after taking a few doses he felt great relief. He could eat better, his food distressed him less, the symptoms we have named abated, the dark spots which had floated before his eyes like smuts of soot gradually disappeared, and his strength increased. Before this time his knees would knock together whenever he tried to walk. So encouraged was he now that he kept on using Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup until it ended in completely curing him.

In speaking of his wonderful recovery Mr. Richold says it made him think of poor Robinson Crusoe, and his deliverance from captivity on his island in the sea; and added, "But for Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup the grass would now be growing over my grave."

Our readers can rest assured of the strict truth of all the statements in this most remarkable case, as Mr. Richold (now residing at Swiss Cottage, Walton-on-the-Naze,) belongs to one of the oldest and most respected families in the beautiful village of Long Melford, Suffolk, and his personal character is attested by so high an authority as the Rev. C. J. Martyn. We have deemed the case of such importance to the public as to justify us in giving this short account of it in our columns.

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